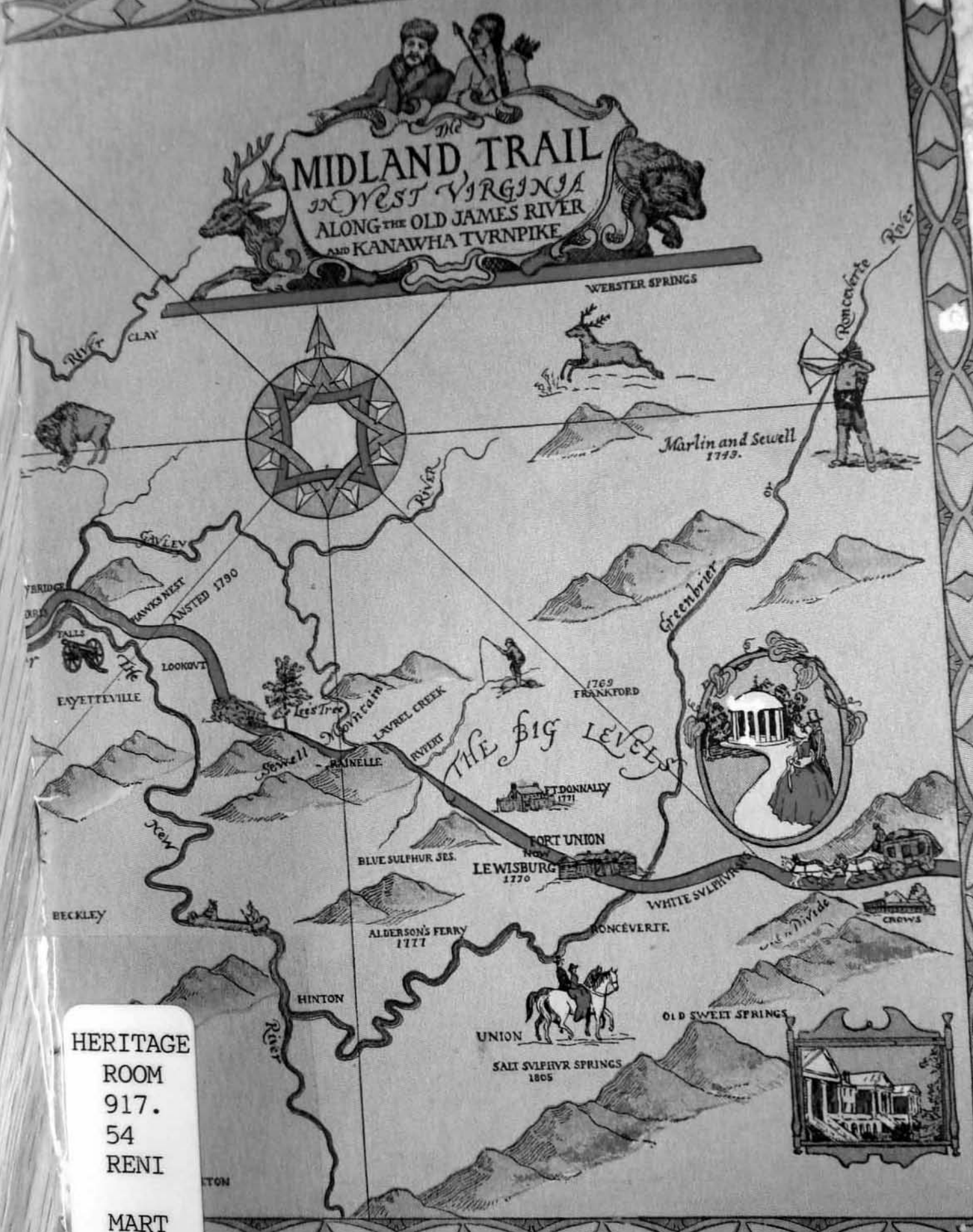


THE
MIDLAND TRAIL
IN WEST VIRGINIA
ALONG THE OLD JAMES RIVER
AND KANAWHA TURNPIKE



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The MIDLAND TRAIL *Tour*
In West Virginia

Being also *An Account* of the Old Stage-
coach Days on the James River
and Kanawha Turnpike



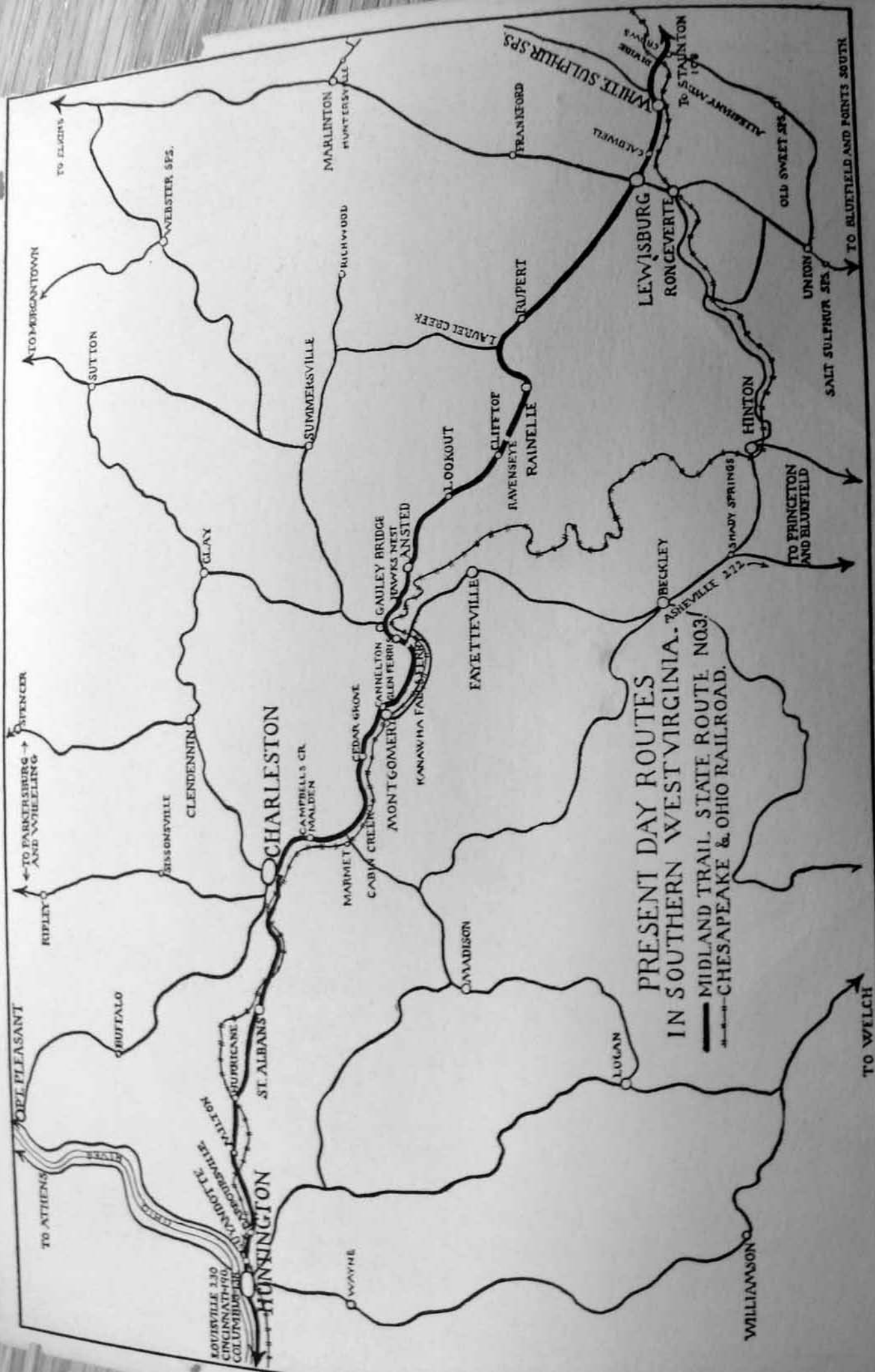
By PERCEVAL RENIERS &
ASHTON WOODMAN RENIERS



*Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill,
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will.*

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Published under the auspices of the Midland Trail
Commission of West Virginia by THE MIDLAND PUBLI-
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Introducing You

TO

The TALE of a TRAIL



HE SOUTH SEA! Gold! Press on! These were the cries dinned into the ears of Captain John Smith by the restless, ambitious company that settled at Jamestown in 1607. And they forged upstream as far as Powhatan's stronghold at the Falls of the James River. "On over the mountains!" they cried. Gold!

Had Captain Smith listened to them, had his hands not been full dickering with Powhatan for corn to feed that improvident crew, had the wiley chieftain not blocked the way, there might be a different story to tell. For from the headwaters of that selfsame river a beaten path struck off westward, just such a path as Smith himself was looking for. It wound over the mountains to the land of mystery beyond, and even while the Captain was matching his cunning against that of the Indians, it was teeming with life.

Unknown to the Englishmen clinging precariously to the Atlantic seaboard, a great company was thundering its way towards them over this primeval thoroughfare. It was summer and the bison herds were fleeing into the cool pockets of the mountains as they had done for centuries past, driven by the heat of the plains. These bison it was who first surveyed and travelled the track that was to become known as the Buffalo Trail and was later to serve the white man as one of his main gateways to the West.

What pale face first came upon this trail no one knows. Perhaps it was Peter Salling, who went down the Kanawha River in 1742, or the surveyor Christopher Gist who went up in 1751. It may have been one of those nameless hunters—English or French—who ranged wide through the forests and have left us no records because they weren't great hands at writing home. But the most likely candidate for the glory of discovery is poor Stephen Sewell.

Sewell and his partner, Jacob Marlin, were the first white men to settle on the banks of the Greenbrier. They sought the wilderness because they were disciples of elbow room. But when they took to quarreling about religion, even the wilderness, with Marlin around, was too crowded for Sewell, so he hit the trail westward for forty miles and on the sprawling mountain that bears his name he came to a dead stop, literally. The Indians put an end to his hunt for more elbow room in the vicinity, as the legend has it, where the yearly migration of bison ebbed and flowed. And thus the first act in the discovery of the Buffalo Trail may be said to have closed.

The second act had already opened. John Lewis and his son Andrew rang up the curtain when they came to survey the Valley of the Greenbrier and found Marlin and Sewell on the point of settling their religious differences with powder and ball. The story goes that the Lewises gave the river its name but it seems that the ubiquitous French had been there ahead of them and christened it "Ronceverte," (French for "green brier") after the tenacious vines that tripped their feet.



Nevertheless, it was the Lewis survey that started the ball rolling toward what was really the baptism of the Buffalo Trail as a white man's thoroughfare. John Lewis's glowing reports of the blue-grass paradise along the Greenbrier brought little waves of settlement splashing through the gaps in the mountain divide. They came to rest in the spacious, undulating Savannah, or Big Levels, the Lewisburg country of today. Little did those settlers realize that they were gathering force to play the most thrilling part of all in opening the trail westward to the stream that the Indians called the Ohiopeekhanne or "River of Many White Caps."

That event came in 1774, when, harrassed by continued Indian massacres, they rallied at Fort Union eleven hundred strong and set off westward under General Andrew Lewis to give the red men a decisive trouncing. They were piloted by that hardy Scot, Mathew Arbuckle, who knew as well as any buffalo and better than any other scout the way that had been beaten out by cloven hoofs. Over the mountains he led them and down the Kanawha to Point Pleasant, where they fought what some have called "the opening battle of the Revolution." This title is based on a good many "ifs," which have never been quite satisfactorily eliminated, so that the embattled farmers at Concord Bridge still retain the honor of having fired "the shot heard round the world." In any case, Lewis's rough troops vanquished the valiant Cornstalk and his Indian

confederacy on that October day in the last great conflict between the Virginians and their dusky enemies. But there is another glory coming to them which has been too long underrated. In the march to Point Pleasant and back they opened up the old Buffalo Trail as a white man's thoroughfare for all time. And with blood and fire they re-christened it, "The Lewis Trail."

Wary and frightened, the bison sought other ways and other mountains, and their ancient route became accustomed to other feet—the feet of pack horse and settler and backwoodsman. And when these found the trail inadequate and started the clamor for a wagon road the last and most spectacular act may be said to have begun.

The year after Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown a road was put through from Warm Springs Mountain to Lewisburg, the robust frontier town that had sprung up around Fort Union. This was a link in one of Washington's pet schemes—to tie the East to the West by a ribbon of road over the mountains to the Valley of the Kanawha. In 1786 the last and most important link was forged. In that year the backwoods roadbuilders turned a trick that remains a wonder to this day. They transformed the Lewis Trail as far as the Kanawha River into a passable road in the record time of two months. This grandfather of the turnpike was called Koontz's New Road and it led to the mouth of Kelly's Creek, or "Boat Yards." Later, the State Road was built. It shortened the distance and was extended down the river. By 1804, if you were willing to entrust yourself to the conveyances which were inelegantly called "shake-guts," you might travel all the way to the Kentucky border on four wheels.

Not long afterwards the whole business was a quagmire. Under the punishment of that early travel, the life of an ordinary dirt road was short and fleeting. The salt making industry of the Kanawha Valley, young and vigorous, began yelling its head off about the conditions. The settlers and the travelling public joined in the chorus. And the James River and Kanawha Turnpike Company was formed in Richmond to quiet them down. By slow degrees the Old State Road was abandoned and a fine wide highway flung over the mountains from the Valley of Virginia to Kanawha Falls. It took them until 1824 to get that far. Gradually the Turnpike was extended to the Salt Works, or Kanawha Salines, then to Charleston and thence to the Kentucky line by the south bank of the Kanawha and Teays's Valley.

It worked a new magic in the country. With the establishment of a weekly stage line between Lewisburg and Charleston in 1827, things began to hum. Soon that weekly stage was running to Kentucky. Gayandotte started to pour passengers into the Turnpike from its steam-

boat landings on the Ohio and the stage trips increased to three a week. Then the volume of travel forced the schedule up to "Daily." The "cannon ball" coaches whizzed by with increased horse power, six horses racing where four had raced before. When, in 1831, the stages started carrying the mails, the first minor tragedy of the Turnpike occurred. They put the picturesque pony express out of business. For thirty years the mail carrier's horse had pounded up and down the highway. Now, quite suddenly, the mail coach delivered his death blow.

But there was no time to mourn his departure. Progress was in full swing. Spacious taverns and stage stands grew up where before the two-room log cabins of the pioneers had flattered themselves that they gave comfort to the passerby. These new hostelries assumed the elegant title of "places of private entertainment." The hosts became famous men. Callaghan, Crow, Tyree, Stockton and Huddleston are names that have outlasted those of statesmen and warriors.



The road became a lively and unrivalled scene. From early morning until late at night the movement was incessant. The bowling stages and the cocky young drivers considered themselves the aristocrats of the road but their pride was taken down a peg when the drovers with their thousands of cattle and hogs often held up traffic for hours at a time. Drummers and speculators and nondescripts rode in the coaches beside senators and nabobs. Peddlers and beggars and poor immigrants trudged the road and scattered like chaff when the carriages of the wealthy flew by.

The Conestoga wagons added to the confusion and the excitement. Mountain ships they were called and they were painted like circus wagons. The harnesses were studded with brass and the horses wore ribbon rosettes and tinkling bells. These freight trains of the day were driven by men who were said to leave their religion on the Blue Ridge as they came west with their cargoes of tobacco and fruit and whiskey. Good, juicy "plug" from the East was in great demand, for the taste of the mountaineers was too refined for the home grown leaf.

When night fell over the bustle and noise of the day, the sheep separated themselves from the goats. The nabobs and others who could afford the comfort of the taverns hastened to engage their beds. Such was the rush that inn keepers had to make it a rule that not more than five might sleep in a bed. And no one might go to bed with his boots on. Two good reasons, mark you, for spending the night in the bar room.

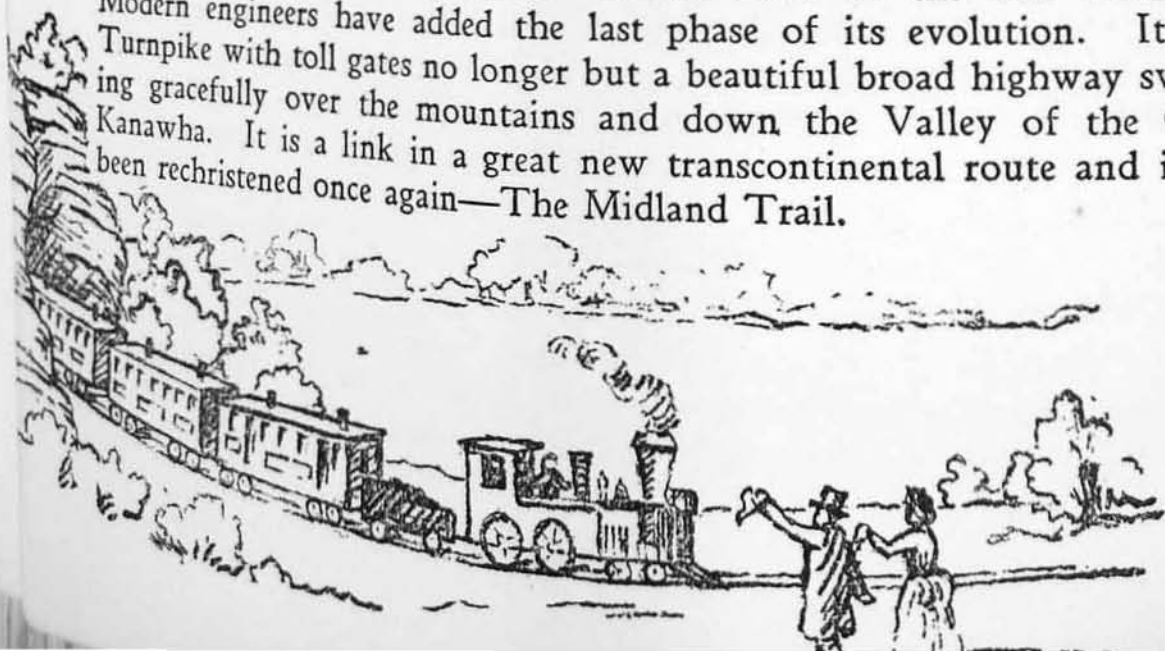
Outside, under the stars, colorful and motley groups gathered around the camp fires. Jugglers and strolling players picked up a few pennies by their antics. Drovers and Conestoga drivers called in John Barleycorn to help them fight off sleep, whilst the beggars and peddlers and simple poor folk contributed pop-eyed wonder from the outskirts of the crowd. It was only when no one could keep awake that the Turnpike itself got a scant forty winks. Before daybreak everyone was up and away again, re-enacting the gaiety and confusion of the day before.

Thus did the James River and Kanawha Turnpike reach its climax. But by 1850 clouds appeared on its horizon. The railroad from the East had crept up threateningly as far as Jackson's River. Steamboat travel on the Kanawha, popular and cheap, made the Turnpike below Charleston look a little pale. Stagecoach travel slowed up. The proud schedule of "one a day" went back to the old "three a week." The span of six horses had given way to four; now it was a miserable two. Then the Civil war came down like a smothering hand and hardly anything travelled the old road but cannon and cannon fodder.




Soon after the war the railroad pushed on, tie by tie. It reached White Sulphur in 1870 and was completed to the Ohio in 1873. In that year two engines met at the New River bridge and gave the old Turnpike its quietus. Its lively scenes never returned. Degeneration set in and it became a series of mud holes connected by deep ruts.

Buffalo Trail, Indian Trail, Lewis Trail, wagon road, Turnpike and back to mud road again—that was the cycle of a century. The final disuse of the old route cut the country off from vehicular travel for many years, made it almost an isolated region. But it has been said that everything comes to him who waits. It has come to the old Turnpike. Modern engineers have added the last phase of its evolution. It is a Turnpike with toll gates no longer but a beautiful broad highway sweeping gracefully over the mountains and down the Valley of the Great Kanawha. It is a link in a great new transcontinental route and it has been rechristened once again—The Midland Trail.




ALONG *the* BROAD HIGHWAY

IKE a flying arch the Trail bridges the Alleghanies and from it you may look down upon the "cleaner, greener land" of your dreaming. The giant ridges, rank on rank, march majestically before you, manoeuvring and shifting as you overtake them like great battalions of the gods at drill. Far below their shaggy green helmets are the mountain streams, from rill to full-bosomed river, twisting in and out among the hills. And beside them the smiling meadows of the intervalles, incomparably picturesque. Majestic in the highlands, serene in the lowlands, the Alleghanies of West Virginia have ever been irresistible to the seeker after beauty.

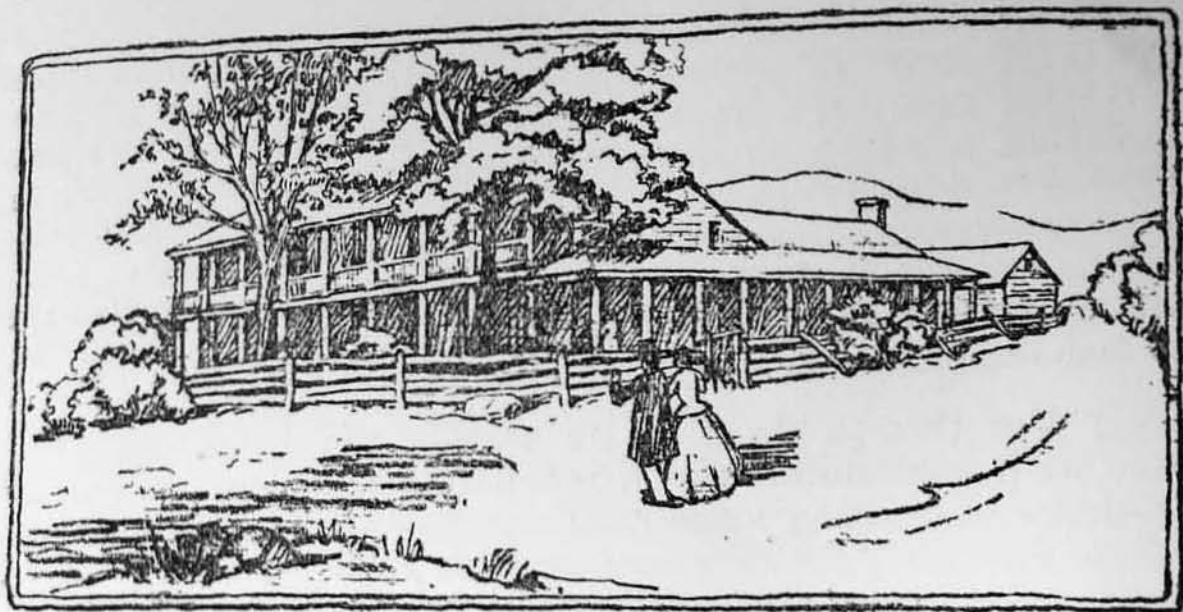
This swift-changing loveliness of landscape, shut away long before motoring began, will now, as of old, speak its own unmatched and enchanting language. It needs no trumpeter. But locked away out of sight with it have been the landmarks and their legends. Unlike scenery, these things call for a guide. Coming suddenly out of their isolation, the glamour of the past is still fresh upon them and it is of these that we shall speak, that your journey may be like a trip into bygone times.



HERE WAS ONE effective method for the stage coach porters at Shumate's or Covington to get the westward travellers up for an early start—not later than four in the morning. And that was to shout, "Breakfast at Callaghan's!" Dennis Callaghan, one of the most genial Irishmen that ever lived, put up his hostelry in 1787 and from that time on it became a mecca for travellers from every direction, for Callaghan's stood at the interjunction of two important mail routes.

Farther westward was another tavern whose name was a byword along the Turnpike. No stage journey was complete without at least a "Howdy!" to Colonel Crow on Dunlap's Creek.

No one knew how the Colonel came by his title; many suspected that he had brevetted himself on the day he killed a rattlesnake. But no one cared, as long as he enlivened the entertainment with his picturesque lies. His prevarications brought him as much fame and patronage as the quality of his rum and when he had partaken of too much "cheer" and couldn't explain his way out of his wild tales, he summoned old Jim, his slave. Jim was a




Colonel Crow kept a Jolly Tavern

valuable property. His native ingenuity always pulled his master out of the hole.

Crow's was the favorite meeting place for parties from White Sulphur and the Old Sweet Springs. Here, half way between the two famous resorts, gay crowds met for almost daily picnics and the "dog alleys," as the porch galleries were called, rang with their merriment. Crow's, a fine old Virginia tavern, stands near the interjunction of the main trail and the Old Sweet Road, like a gray veteran musing on the past.

The Old Sweet Springs, about eight miles down the side road, was—and still is—a gathering place of the "old" South. When other Virginia spring resorts began to come into prominence, the Old Sweet folk looked down upon them as upstarts. And well they might for these mineral waters were discovered in 1764. Already, when Lewis and his army made their famous march, the waters had been analyzed by the President of William

and Mary. And when cottages at the other springs were still of logs, the Old Sweet boasted fine red brick. There, they stopped. They did take a fling at modern improvements when they introduced illuminating gas to the springs region but, whether or not the odor discouraged them is not known, modern improvements have never since been popular at the Old Sweet. It remains to this day a true survivor of the Old Dominion.

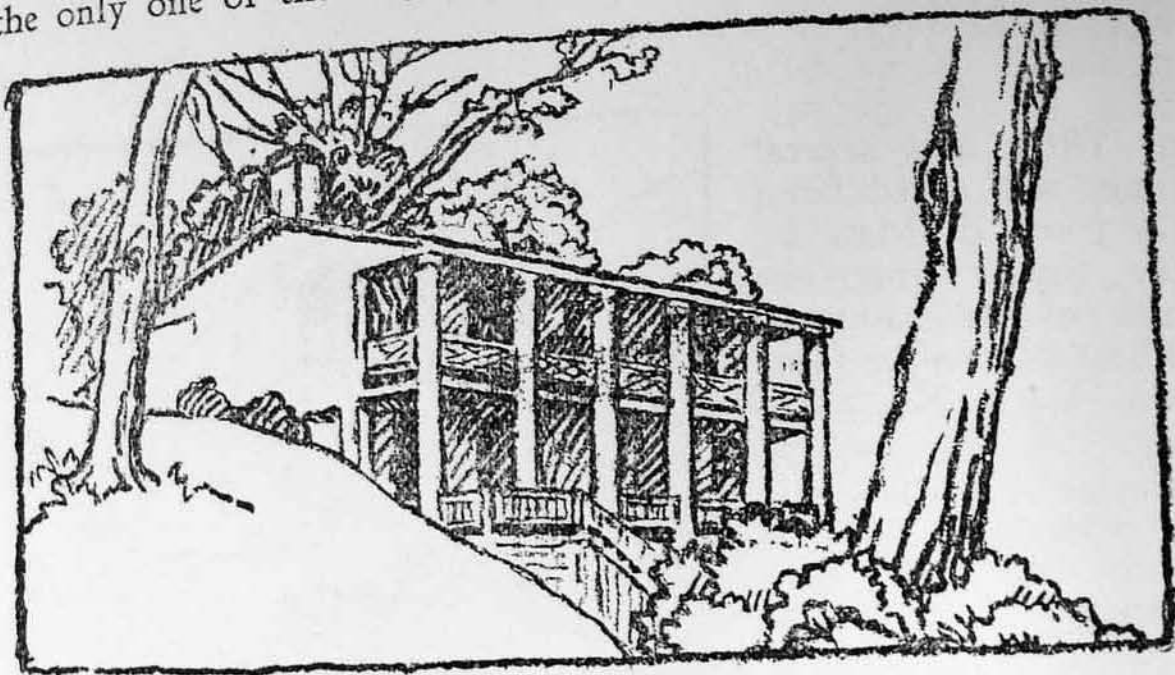
HE JOURNEY from Crow's to White Sulphur was known as "breaking the backbone" of the Alleghenies. With a last long pull the stages rolled up to the peak of the watershed, then spun down the western slope, fording many times the creeks that sent their waters to the Gulf of Mexico instead of to the Atlantic. This was the last leg of the journey for those gay and colorful parties that came from all parts of the East and South to "summer" at the fashionable "Queen of the Springs."

But that is ahead of the story. The White started its career with a humble wooden tub hollowed out of a tree, some hot stones to heat the water and a rheumatic old frontier woman for the first bath. They brought Mrs. Anderson on a stretcher in 1772, but even hers was not the first "cure." The Indians and their medicine men knew these magic waters for countless generations back. There was a famous salt lick in the marsh below the spring, with buffalo and elk and deer crowding around it. Any place where an Indian could both hunt and soothe his lumbago, even at the expense of having to take a bath, was his idea of a happy hunting ground.

The fame of Mrs. Anderson's wooden tub and hot stones soon brought others. Tents were pitched around the spring, then a cluster of log cabins. The first rude hotel was built by James Calwell in 1808. In ten years he had made enough money out of backwoods ague to erect a rather pretentious caravansary. However, it was the cottage Rows that gave the place a character that it never afterwards lost and which under the names of Paradise Row, Virginia Row, Georgia Row, Alabama Row, Baltimore Row and Wolf Row began early to stretch a cordon around the little dell where the spring welled up. Each Row had its partisans. Upon arrival the ladies and the young marrieds were assigned to Paradise Row, naturally. Wolf Row was spoken of by genteel folk with bated breath. There the bachelors had their

lair and were suspected of being very wicked indeed. Thus one of the writers of the 1830's, "Unless you be young and foolish, fond of noise and nonsense, frolic and fun, wine and wassail, sleepless nights and days of headache, avoid Wolf Row."

Between 1830 and 1860 the White reached its prime. It was more than a summer resort; it was a social institution. Besides the Southern gentry, Senators, Cabinet members and distinguished foreigners, the President almost always spent his summer there. One of the beautiful Colonnades was first assigned to him, the only one of the original three that now remains standing.



The Colonnade—First Summer White House

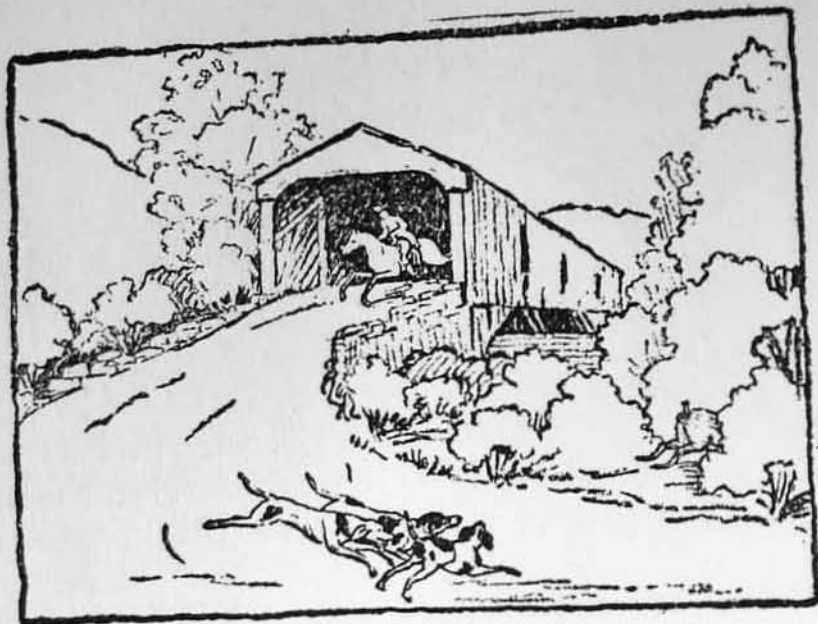
Afterwards His Excellency occupied the more imposing house in Louisiana Row built by Mr. Henderson of New Orleans.

Those were the gullible days when the waters were supposed to cure anything and everything; the exciting days when there were morning balls as well as evening and when romantic flirtations were a part of the cure; the good old days when the mint julep was first concocted in the barroom of the White, where the Governor of North Carolina reminded the Governor of South Carolina that it was "a long time between drinks, sir."

Just outside the grounds lay the town of Dry Creek, as it was called then, where much in the way of diversion drew the visitors at the Springs. Here came the wandering circuses of the

time, which gave pleasure to no less a personage than General Lee on one of his many sojourns. Here it was that they went to meet the incoming coaches, filled to overflowing with belles and dandies. From Dry Creek came the cake man, indispensable to the happiness of the children. And here were the jewelry merchants and the stores where one might shop and—let it be whispered—flirt, away from the eyes of the chaperons.

The last great party of the grand old era was held in 1867 when General Lee was tendered his historic reception in the Old White, the hotel of surpassing beauty that has since gone the way of the log cabins. It was used as a hospital for the victims of the Battle of White Sulphur in the summer of 1863 and several times was saved from the torch of Mars by the timely intervention of its admirers. Three years after General Lee's Reception the railroad reached the Springs and more modern ways mingled with the old simplicity.



The Hunt at the Bridge

When caval-
cades from the White
went clattering down
the lovely valley that lies westward, it usually meant one of two things. Either they were going to Lewisburg to hear the lawyers wake the echoes of the Court House or they were bound for the banks of the Greenbrier on a picnic. It was a rare day during the season that did not witness a picnic at Caldwell's Tavern (a fine old brick hostelry that still stands at the entrance to the covered bridge) or beside the historic Ronceverte. These were simple rustic affairs—at which the champagne flowed freely! A really bang-up picnic was not complete without a band, which blared away to the popping of corks. In a description of one of these affairs it was reported that there were nearly a hundred people, including the President of the United States and the Secretary of War. Those, obviously, were the days when picnics were picnics.



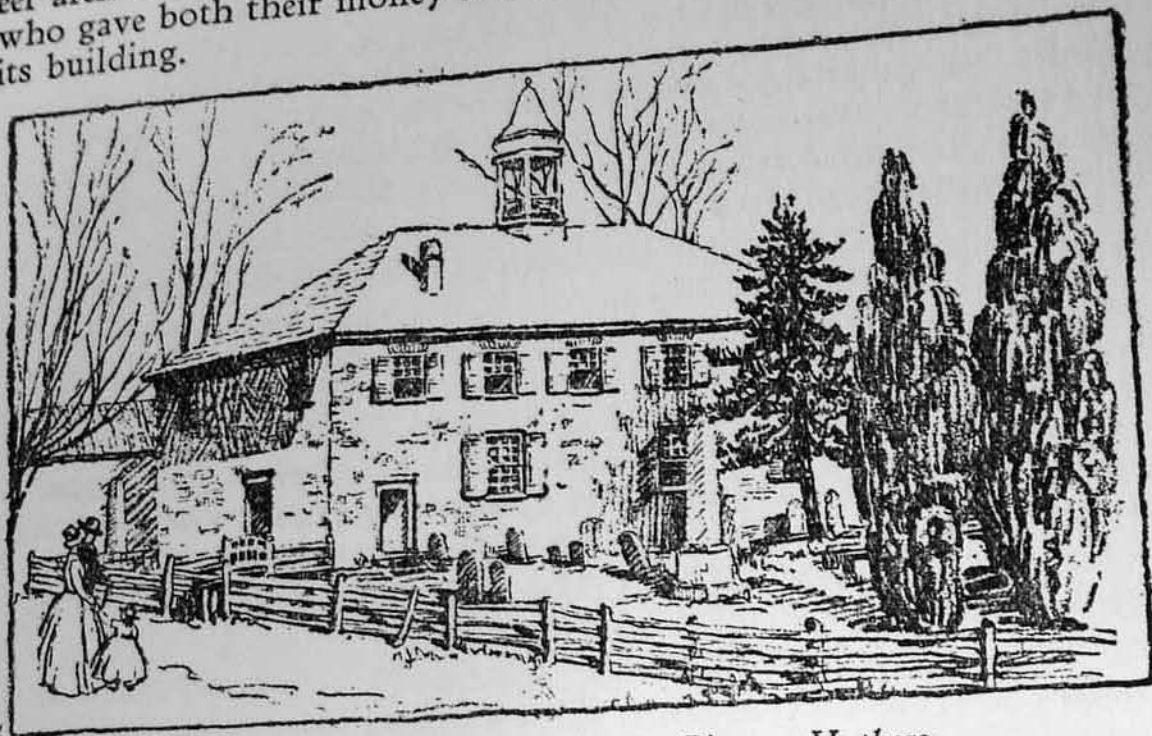
LEWISBURG might well be called the western cradle of Independence. Its seed was a fort. Its settlers were covenanter Scotch-Irish, or Presbyterian Irish, a hard-praying, hard-fighting, independent folk. Their attitude toward tyranny is summed up on the tombstone of their patriarch, John Lewis. "He slew the Irish Lord." When the English King ordered them back to the eastern slopes of the mountains, their abrupt answer was to move farther west. When it was determined to give the Indians a final spanking, Lewisburg was the rallying point.

Twice Greenbrier County was settled and twice depopulated. Probably the first dwelling on Lewisburg ground was the hunter's cabin that Mathew Arbuckle built himself by the side of the spring long before the time of the fort. In 1769 the third and last attempt to settle in the Big Levels "took." Then came John Stuart (afterwards Colonel), McClenachan, Arbuckle once more, McClungs, Lewises, Mathews and Donnallys, names that were never to die in that civilization. Soon three forts went up—Fort Savannah by the spring, Fort Springs four miles south and Donnally's Fort, ten miles west.

Eight years after the Battle of Point Pleasant, the town of Lewisburg was laid out in lots. Before long, it was one of the most important towns on the western slope of the Alleghanies. With the coming of the wagon road from the Warm taverns began to spring up and very famous they became. A large eddy of East and West travel always collected in Lewisburg and a good part of it found its way to Richard Tyree's "Old Long Ordinary," which the racy speech of the pioneer soon twisted into Old Long "Ornery." This hotel was built about 1800 and it outdistanced even Callaghan's in renown. In later years Mr. Frazier's Star Hotel became "the thing." One of the pet diversions of the White Sulphur folk was to put up at Frazier's when they came to Lewisburg to listen to the highfalutin' oratory in the Court, whose old walls, now sadly destroyed, resounded to the eloquence of Patrick Henry and Henry Clay. Gone, too, is the Old Long Ornery but the famous Star may still be seen at the western end of town, serving as the residence of the President of the College.

Hardly had the first settlers made their private dwellings secure when they bethought them of a church. The earliest English church organization on western waters was formed here in 1783 and the meeting house was of logs. Then in 1796 the

women banded together and decided that they would be satisfied with nothing less than a fine stone edifice. Until today it stands at the western entrance to Lewisburg, a little classic of early pioneer architecture, a monument not only to God but to the women who gave both their money and the actual labor of their hands to its building.



A Monument to God—and the Pioneer Mothers

The echoes of the past have never died in Lewisburg for no loyal son will let them die. Many of its early houses are still standing, mellow with age, quaint with an old-fashioned dignity.

Lewisburg is at the crossroads of two modern highways, the Midland Trail running east and west and the Seneca Trail running north and south.

IN THE TURNPIKE DAYS, while the streets and inns of Lewisburg were lively with the bustle of stage coach travel, another scene quite as characteristic of the times went on some three miles west, at the Tutwiller Tavern. Here congregated in great numbers the drovers, those shepherds of the road who were bound with their stock for the markets of Richmond, Baltimore and Philadelphia. In all their long and dusty journey they found no more spacious caravansary than this great four-chimney house. Here, probably for the first and last time in their lives, their stock enjoyed the luxury of a barn built of *brick*, curious and wonderful

sight for those days. Built to withstand the worst that the years could do, it is still erect, four faces to the weather, reminiscent of the cattle drives that filled the roads with thunder.

As soon as the stage coach or conestoga wagon could shake itself free from the live stock in the valley it started the long climb to the top of Brushy Ridge, the first of the barriers that sprawl between the Big Levels and the Kanawha River and the first obstacle encountered by the builders of the early wagon road out of Lewisburg. But obstacles meant little or nothing to those men. The straight unswerving flight of the Old State Road and the still straighter course of the James River and Kanawha Turnpike lead one to believe that the frontier engineers did their surveying by the flight of the crow.

At Sam Black Church the Turnpike runs straight ahead over Little Sewell Mountain, while the modern route takes off to the right, down the easy grade of the old Wilderness Road along Meadow River. On its way to Rupert the Wilderness Road crossed Little Clear Creek and Big Clear Creek, sweet names both in the fisherman's ear.

RUPERT, for as long as the old timers can remember and then some, has played host to angler and nimrod. The great virgin forests back of Rupert are among the few in the land still standing that have heard the roar of the flint lock. For them it is only a short flight of memory to the days when blue jeans were in style and men came to hunt with the long rifle.

RAINELLE was Sewell Valley on the old maps, so named for the unfortunate Stephen Sewell who pitched his lone wilderness cabin on one or another of these mountain sides. Doubtless he gazed down upon the bison peacefully grazing in the rich bottom of Meadow River and doubtless also his keen prospector's eye told him that he had "come home." For here was an interval where, in years to come, the fat kine of the white man would supplant the bison. And so they did, but long after Stephen Sewell had indeed "gone home." It was not until near the end of the century, while the nation was still in mourning for the Father of the Country, that the first small herds were brought into the bottom. By the time the Turnpike went through, Sewell Valley was as famous for its round-ups and stampedes as the western plains became in a later day. And then, when the cattle grazer sought broader acres, the lumberman's axe and giant saw took final possession of Sewell Valley.

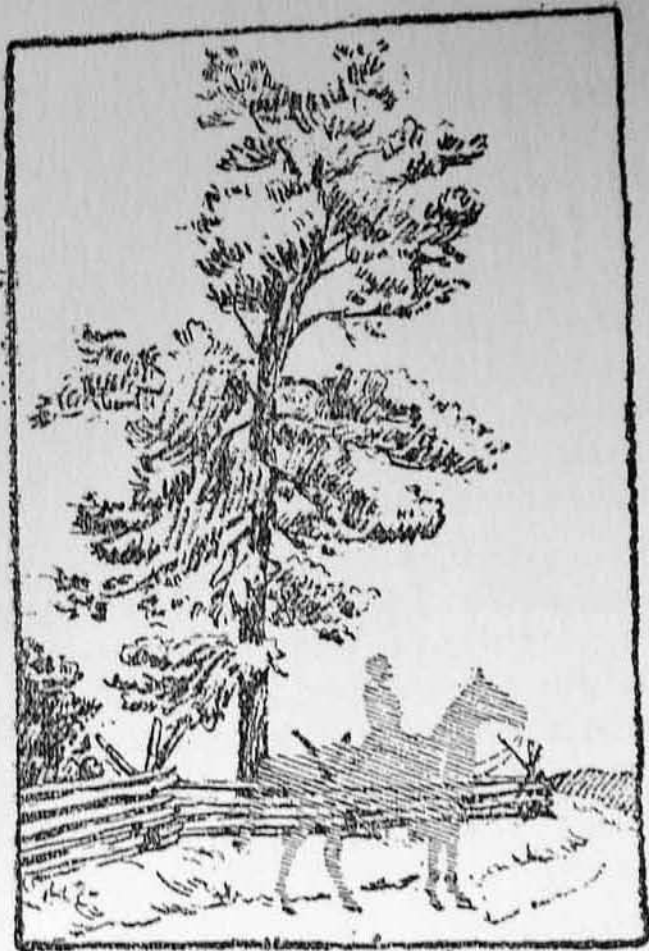


IG SEWELL MOUNTAIN is a sprawling giant of three tops and on the tip of the first summit stands the famous sugar maple that is known the country over as Lee's Tree. Under its spreading arms when they were younger and not so gnarled, General Lee had his headquarters in the Fall of 1861. And this veteran maple is probably the only living witness of the first meeting between Lee and his horse, Traveller.

The James River and Kanawha Turnpike fell one of the first victims to the Civil War. Travel was suddenly stilled as the contending armies swept back and forth along its route. At Sewell the Federals faced the Confederates from the opposite hill. They sparred back and forth like game cocks but never clinched. The armies exchanged cannon balls during the day; in the evening, down in the valley, the soldiers exchanged articles less deadly. Tobacco and sugar and matches were swapped back and forth while, some say, the bands of the two armies played on the hills above their heads. If this sounds like a musical comedy war, one has only to read the letter that Lee, wrapped in his coat under the maple, wrote to his wife.

"It is raining heavily. The men are all exposed on the mountain with the enemy opposite us. We are without tents and for two nights I have lain buttoned up in my overcoat. I wrote about socks for myself. I have no doubt the yarn ones you mention will be very acceptable to the men here or elsewhere. I will distribute them to the most needy."

When he first saw the horse that he afterwards called his "true Confederate gray," his enthusiasm for the fine high-headed and high-spirited animal was immediate. This product of Green-



The Shade of Lee's Tree

brier blue grass belonged to one captain and had been promised to another but they arranged between them to deliver the part-Arab to their commander and from that beginning there developed an association between a soldier and his horse that has hardly been equalled.

On Buster Knob, the sugar-loaf mountain to the south, the circle of General Loring's (Confed.) trenches is still plain.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE takes us back again to the days before the war, to the music of the stage driver's trumpet and the road-song of the wheels.



Pride of the High Road

In 1824, on the last westward slope of Big Sewell, the Stone House was built by the same Richard Tyree of the Old Long Ornery. For most of its long career his son Francis was the host. Its fame drew great and small to its doors. Daniel Webster spent a month here, hunting with his genial host and the names of Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Breckenridge and Thomas Benton were written often in the register.

The swiftest of the stage coaches that swept into the yard of the Stone House were called "cannon balls" and like cannon

balls they often missed their mark. Wild tales were taken back East, tales of dare-devil young drivers who insisted upon driving around vertiginous curves on two wheels. On one occasion in the vicinity of the Stone House a "cannon ball" turned some somersaults off the road—and the tavern turned into a hospital. Among the casuals was a young officer of the Navy, M. F. Maury, to whose broken collar bone mariners are indebted for his valuable "Charts of Sea Winds and Currents," which he wrote while convalescing.

The Old Stone House still nestles in the dip in the hill, snug and solid survivor of the pike.

LOOKOUT comes naturally by its name. This picturesque town on its three hills can never be divorced from the influence and legend of the lofty rock that stands an eternal guard over its lives and fortunes. Spy Rock has cast its personality over the very houses of Lookout, tall double-deckers that seem to be craning their necks for a better view over the hilltops.

The fame of Spy Rock goes far back into Indian days and ways. The red-skinned sentinels could sweep every horizon from this perch and the signal fires kindled there at night sent their messages many leagues to the lone watchers on other hills. During the war this was the station for the "eyes of the army." Near it was the old stage stand kept by Colonel George Alderson.



The Rock That Had Eyes

AT THE ENTRANCE TO ANSTED, when it was called "New Haven," the travellers of a time far gone descended at Halfway House, midway between Lewisburg and Charleston, and their host was a large landowner and yet another son of Richard Tyree, Col. William Tyree. During an entire winter of the Civil War the inn was headquarters for the Chicago Dragoons who seem to have whiled away the time with sabre practice, treating the carved wooden mantelpieces as the "enemy." And still to be seen over the doorway is their trademark carved in the wood, "Headquarters—Chicago Dragoons."

Ansted, directly on the Old Buffalo and Lewis Trails, was early settled by backwoods utopians. The Baptist squatters who came first were followed by a Spiritualist sect from New England whose principal instrument for transforming this spot into a wilderness paradise seems to have been a printing press. It was they who christened the community New Haven. Its present name is in honor of Professor David T. Ansted, noted English scientist.

In the little graveyard on the hill the mother of Stonewall Jackson lies buried. According to a local legend, on the day of her

funeral Andrew Jackson, then in his first term as President, was passing through on his way to Washington. The story has it that his coachman was "Jehu" Joe Perkins who, in spite of his sobriquet, was prevailed upon to stop while Old Hickory joined the little procession. It was a touching caprice of Fate that the hero of Mobile and New Orleans should have paid his respects at the last rites of the mother of the seven-year-old lad who was destined to bear the name of Jackson into even greater battles and add to it the enviable nickname of "Stonewall."



ABOUT this same time (1831) there was a great outcry against the heavy tolls on the turnpike. Not only were tolls levied upon stage coaches; the passengers were likewise taxed. But in spite of the excess charges, the route grew in popularity, not only because its flight was so direct but because thousands were drawn by its incomparably beautiful scenery. One of the most renowned views was just west of Ansted, where the road came out (as now) and skirted the edge of the high New River cliffs.

"Now and then," says a writer of the time, "it (the turnpike) courses along the margin of some rocky and stupendous precipice often several hundred if not a thousand feet in depth, and as the mail coach drawn by four spirited steeds whirls you along the perilous cliff, you feel an involuntary shuddering at the slender barrier which separates you from eternity."



Here Lies a Hero's Mother

Aloft above the point of the elbow sits Hawk's Nest, craning over a little as though better to hear the serenade of the waters. Night and day through the æons that song has floated up, its roar soft-

ened by the great height. And the pines and chestnuts clinging to the crest seem to be nodding back their greeting, rustling and gentle. Hawk's Nest was named by our friend, Mathew Arbuckle, after the fish hawks that had their eerie there. It was sometimes called Marshall's Pillar, for Chief Justice Marshall calculated its height above sea level to be thirteen hundred feet. The elevation above the river was first ascertained in 1873 by the engineer, William N. Page. It is 528 feet.

Probably the nearest approach to the sensations of an airplane ride in the old days was the speedy flight of the mail coach in and out among the mountain tops that hang above New River Gorge. On the far side other crests billowed away into the distance, seemingly suspended in mid-air on the mist beneath. It was a sight worth a far journey and such things as extra tolls were forgotten as the scenes flashed by, each more beautiful than the last.

GAULEY RIVER, seven miles below Hawk's Nest, joins with the New to make the Great Kanawha, named for the Conoy, or Conhaway, Indians. The old stone piers which stand like primitive monuments across Gauley are mute reminders of the exciting career of this crossing. In the time of the Old State Road, the flat-bottomed ferry boat was the only means of getting across and the ferryman prospered. In 1821 when the Turnpike bridge was built he was shunted aside—but he wasn't beaten. Bridges could always be burned. Even so, to the song of the flame, the turnpike bridge dropped into the river five years later. Unhappy precedent! The bridge was rebuilt three times thereafter (prior to the present structure) and as many times destroyed by fire. When General Wise put it to the torch in 1861, it was to the tune of bugles sounding "retreat."



Hawk's-Eye View

The town of Gauley Bridge, commanding the confluence of the rivers, was a precious pawn in the Kanawha Valley Campaigns. The fine Miller Tavern, a stage stop during many of the peaceful turnpike years, served continuously as officers' headquarters, first for one army then the other. Some of its self-invited guests had been Governors of Virginia; two of them were to be future Presidents—William McKinley and Rutherford B. Hayes. The thick log walls of this old toll house, tavern and army post are now concealed, nursing their memories of the long past under a covering of clapboards.



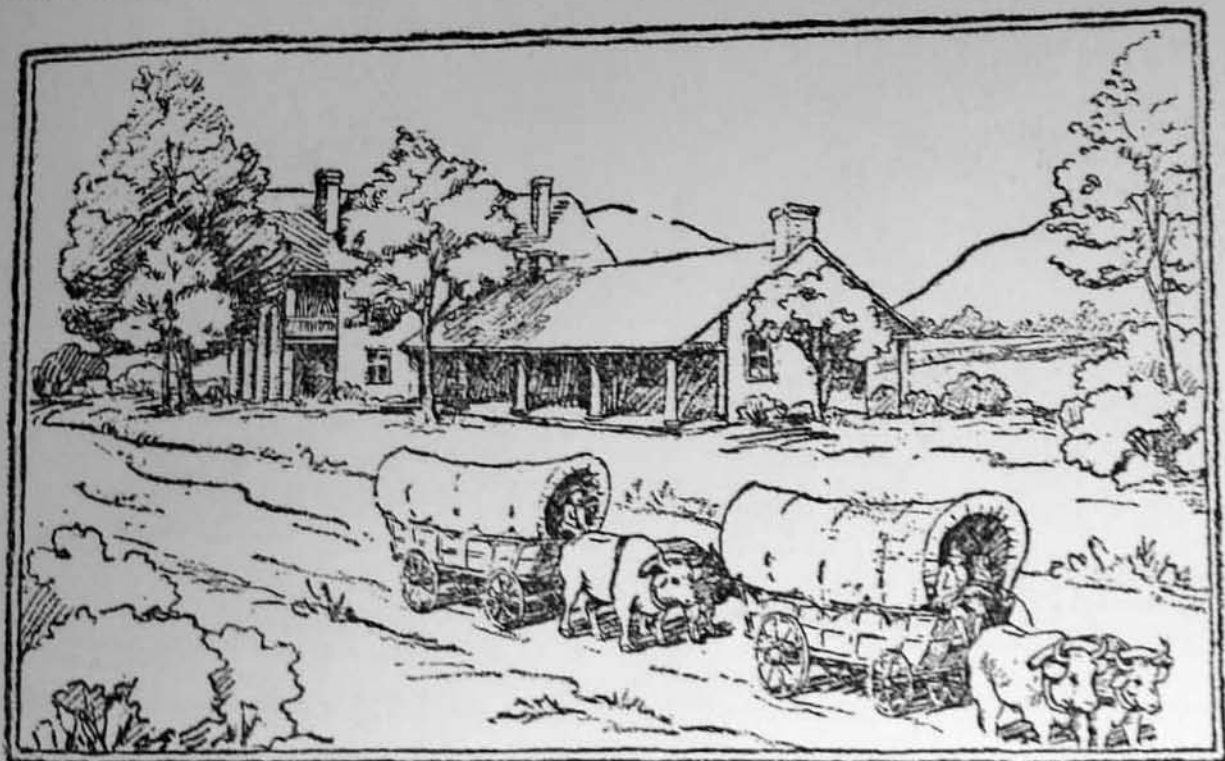
The Old Guard of Gauley

the desperate Dutchman who first settled here leapt into the pool below.

In 1853 a jolly little man who, it was said, "cast as great a shadow when lying down as when standing up," erected a splendid tavern by the falls. This was the rotund Aaron Stockton and his was one of the choice stopping places of the journey, beside the inland lake where the Kanawha dallies quietly before taking the plunge and the water "reflects the tints of many a peak." There is no twinkling fat host nowadays but his spacious inn is well preserved.

Kanawha Falls Ferry is the main connection with the highway leading south.

Not far below the Falls the Turnpike passed under a broad overhanging rock that soon acquired fame in various fashion. (The old road was higher than the new and hugged the hill.) At night it was the impromptu tavern of teamsters and drovers—and gentlefolk kept their distance. For under this natural roof, while the camp fires blackened the walls, a good deal of sleep was murdered by the roughest company of the road. During the hours of travel, Camp Rock was a sardonic jester. Had it existed in ancient



Where Col. Stockton was the Boniface

Greece, it would have gone into the legends as a monster, beckoning to the coaches to pass underneath, then reaching down and ripping their tops off. It is said that the top of Andrew Jackson's coach was lifted in this fashion, doubtless part of the price he paid for risking his life to "Jehu" Joe Perkins.

Several miles below Camp Rock there stood until recently the noble skeleton of an ancient long tavern. It was in 1785 that Dan Huddleston put all the pride and strength and bigness of his pioneer soul into his mansion-house. The great logs were faced until they made a flat wall and they were notched to perfection. Two stone chimneys were erected, one at either end of the homestead, and the stone of them was squared and fitted. Today these fire-pillars are all that remain, a lonely guard of honor standing

over the desolate ashes to which some thoughtless act reduced the landmark in 1925. And on the cliff above, like a white sentinel, is the monument of Paddy Huddleston. Time was when this was Travellers' Inn and Paddy, son of the builder, offered bed and board to the wayfarer. Time was, too, when that gigantic weeping willow in the back yard was a switch, stuck carelessly into the ground by no less a person than Daniel Boone, who, with Paddy, trapped the first beavers caught on the Kanawha.



Like a Pioneer Tottering to the Grave

Paddy was an upright man and it is to be supposed that he charged the legal tavern rates. A "warm diet" dinner in those days cost the boarder $16\frac{2}{3}$ cents. For "cold diet" he paid $10\frac{1}{2}$ cents. "Lodging, good bed and clean sheets" was advertised for $8\frac{1}{3}$ cents. Money could be saved by sleeping in a bed with one or more—invariably more—bedfellows. The charge for this privilege was $5\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Or if one preferred a chaff bed alone to a feather bed with a small community one might have it for the same price.

Paddy Huddleston had one peculiarity that made his inn highly popular on Sundays. He was not what was known as a church man but he compensated by refusing to charge his guests for their entertainment on the seventh day. If he had a crowd on Sundays, he was, we have reason to suppose, but little dismayed. He was used to crowds. He had ninety grandchildren.

Other and far more ancient ruins of man's building look down from the heights on the other side the river. Even before the Indians came to this valley, a mysterious race erected these walls and towers of stone, the vestiges of which remain to baffle modern archæologists.



MONTGOMERY, across the river from Cannelton, is one of King Coal's capitals. But that acknowledged sovereign of today was a subterranean ruler without a crown when the first keen-eyed pioneer stopped, looked—and lingered here. That was Levi Morris, who arrived from Alexandria astride his mule, his saddle bags weighted with the precious hand-forged nails for the first house in what was the second permanent settlement in the valley. That was early in the game. The rains had hardly washed away the footprints of Lewis's army. Morris and the settlers who followed him were content with their farming paradise on the beautiful river flat cradled in the hills. But there was quite a different destiny in store for the place. The first hint of it was in 1831 when one of those fire-spitting wonders called steamboats chugged by and brought the settlers running by the blast of its whistle. This was the "Salem" and its claims to fame are two: it was the first steamboat to reach Montgomery and it was the first to startle the inhabitants of the valley with a steam whistle.

That was only the prologue. Years later the place was really initiated into its new and enviable role—head of steam navigation on the Kanawha—when the first steamboat from Cincinnati nosed into the bank and river traffic started in earnest. "Montgomery's Landing" it was called then, named for the son of one of General Lewis's warriors. Progress set in with a rush. Coal mines were rapidly opened up, though it was three quarters of a century before that the significant word "Coals" had appeared against this region on a rare old map published in London. Packet trade with Charleston was inaugurated with the arrival of the good ship, "Here's Your Mule." The railroad came to Montgomery in 1873. Across the river the Turnpike had expired. The new order was on and for the hundreds of communities back in the mountains for which it was, and is, the depot, Montgomery signalized the beginning of the industrial era.

At the southern end of a trans-Kanawha bridge, Montgomery is one of the entrances to the southward highway.

AT KELLY'S CREEK are many ghosts. Few spots along the whole route were so vital in the life of the old trail. First there were the bison, whose path turned off from the Kanawha at this point and went up the creek some miles before it again turned eastward. Then, tramping down the trace that the bison had made for them, the men of Lewis's army debouched at this place into the flood plain of the Kanawha—and stumbled on the westernmost outpost of Colonial settlement! It was a rude fort, the first in the Valley, and thereby hangs a tale.

A year before, in 1773, there came a man from North Carolina with his family. There were reasons, dark and having to do with the law, that brought Walter Kelly so far afield in search of happiness. He built a stout cabin and was cordial to the vagabond hunters that came his way. But it was not long before those hunters took back word to the settlements that Kelly had fallen under the tomahawk. Then William Morris came to take up the lands that had belonged to the murdered Kelly and established what has since been known as the first permanent settlement in the Kanawha Valley. His fort he named for the unfortunate fugitive—Fort Kelly.

For many years Kelly's Creek was "the end of the road." For those who came on horseback or afoot over the Lewis Trail and later for the westward travellers by the first wagon road, this was the jumping off place. They loaded their few earthly goods onto flat boats or into batteaux and were poled down river to the western land of promise.

Soon boat yards sprang up, both here and at the mouth of Hughes' Creek, four miles up the river, and no scenes of frontier life were quite so busy. The whack and hammer of the boat-builder's tools mingled with the excitement of embarking immigrants and with the noisy pastimes of the "Limestone Artillery-men." So were the river boatmen called, from their stone throwing skill, which they indulged with characteristic disregard for



innocent bystanders. With the extension of the Turnpike down the river, boatbuilders and boatmen passed from the scene and nothing remains to remind us of them—unless we can see ghosts. Under the quaint brick chapel by the side of the road rest the bones of Walter Kelly. On the west bank of the creek, in the town now called Cedar Grove, stands one of the fine brick dwellings of an elder day.

IN THE FIRST FLUSH of prosperity a century ago, when the tawny salt was like a harvest of gold and the coming of the Turnpike meant a great artery of trade and travel, the wealthy salt makers looked disapprovingly upon their log domiciles and thought them of more stately mansions. Of stone and wood and brick they built, houses with spacious chambers, looking out on the passing caravans through the invariable five windows of the second story. Little they thought that the Turnpike would die and be born again and that still, in this later day, their dwellings would be marks of admiration for the passerby. Some of them stand close to the road (as at Belle); others are out in the flats, distinguishable by their fine proportion and their flanking chimneys. When the stage coach passengers from Charleston stopped at the famous Ten Mile House (still perched on the bluff above the road) for breakfast, these dwellings of the rich salt makers were the pride of the Valley. During a winter of the Civil War Ten Mile House looked down on acres of Federal tents in the flats—Camp Piatt.



F BURNING SPRING there is no end of legend. It was discovered by Mathew Arbuckle and the party he guided down the valley in 1773. They took back to the Big Levels the news that if they hadn't discovered water that burned it was certainly a chimney of hell. Its fame spread and all travellers were curious to see this eighth wonder of the world. George Washington himself, always land hungry, took up two hundred and fifty acres around it. The old timers still cling affectionately to the legend that Washington visited the spot. In fact, they have the Father of the Country scurrying up and down the Valley, surveying lands, shaking hands and patting thousands of little boys on the head. These stories, handed down from great-great grandfather or uncle, simply must be so, let the historians say what they please about the absence of proof! Washington thought so much of Burning Spring as a natural curiosity that he made especial mention of it in his will.

His desire that it become the possession of the people was never carried out.

All this excitement over the Burning Spring was in the dear dark days before natural gas was understood. It was, of course, merely a hole in the ground through which gas escaped and which in rainy weather filled with water. Even in 1841, when one of the salt makers used the gas to boil down salt brine the colored folk would not surrender their pet superstition that the infernal regions were sending up their warning.

ONCE UPON A TIME "Kanawha Salt" was a magic name that brought prospectors and seekers after sudden wealth flocking into the Valley; when Kanawha Salines (now Malden) was the mecca of nabob and ruffian and was destined, as everybody thought, to be the queen city of the West; and when the whole valley hereabouts bristled with the rude derricks of the salt borers. Over a century before the American Revolution, white men first heard of salt making along the Kanawha. The Batts-Fallam expedition, when it reached the Falls, was warned by its Indian guide of a belligerent tribe farther down who made salt and had a habit of cracking the skulls of all intruders. A certain amount of this disposition was inherited by some of the men who manned the salt wells years later. Kanawha Salt was ever famous for its penetrating qualities in preserving meat but there seemed to be something else about it that penetrated to the very vitals of men who worked it.

It was a rough and ready community in its early days. Worthy, enterprising citizens it had but they couldn't prevent its being a rendezvous for knaves and high-jackers. An early preacher dubbed it "the wildest part of Kanawha." Mrs. Anne Royal, who lingered there awhile in 1825, divides her emotions between a wholesome fear of the burly, dangerous looking men and an admiration of the exceptionally beautiful women. These men, she says, were laws unto themselves and woe be unto the poor devil who tried to cross them, either in man-to-man encounter or in what passed for courts of law.

In the year that Napoleon and Wellington had their famous tilt at Waterloo there were fifty-two salt furnaces in these flats. By 1840 this number had doubled. Before coal and gas came into use as fuel, this ravenous industry had stripped all the hills perfectly bare of timber.

One of the ancient salt works still persists near Malden but the Kanawha Salines of so much promise is old and faded and sleepy. Time and progress are merciless. Within the memory of some still living Kanawha Salines was the thriving metropolis to which folk from a scraggly settlement called Charleston were wont to go to buy their best clothes. And now . . .

Just over the railroad tracks from the Trail is a dilapidated frame cabin, the boyhood home of Booker T. Washington. Ruin and decay are doing their work. Here where enterprise was once a vital force, not a finger is lifted to save the home of the greatest colored educator and a fine American. . . . Weariness and torpor. Kanawha salt could preserve everything but life.



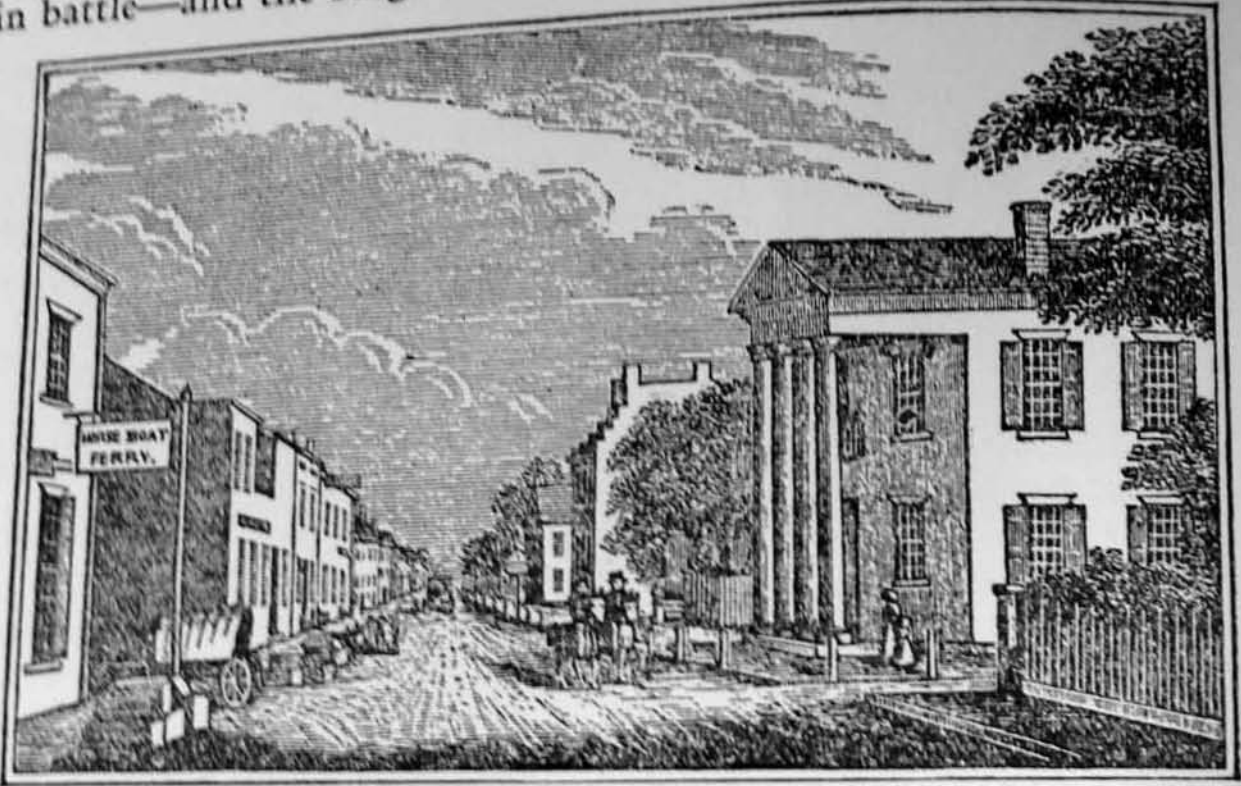
Booker T. Washington—In Memoriam!

CAMPBELL'S CREEK, like the marsh below the White Sulphur Spring, was a favorite rallying place for animals, and for the same reason. The salt spring here was known as the Big Buffalo Lick. Even more claim to fame has this spot, for it is said that Cornstalk, the great Shawnee Chief and General Lewis's opponent at Point Pleasant, was born here.

Across the Kanawha River from the Big Buffalo Lick, the early pack horse traveller before the Turnpike days could distinguish a small log cabin in the trees. In the present year of grace the towering chimneys of a modern factory throw their shadows across the spot. Here for twelve years was the home of a hunter and trapper, scout and soldier, a man whose exploits and name are on the tongue of every school boy—Daniel Boone.

FORT CLENDENNIN, on the site of what was late Charleston, was built in the same year that Daniel Boone came here to rest from his wanderings, 1788. Before that, this was merely the Big Bottom, surveyed in 1773 by "the bold and ardent" Colonel Bullitt, fellow officer with Washington in the French and Indian War.

Now the main business of Lewis's army was to chastise the Indians, but there were many men in that company who carried on a side line in real estate. One of them was George Clendennin. He had ample time to cast his eye over the Big Bottom, for it was here at the mouth of Elk River that the army halted to build its boats. He determined he would have it if the Lord spared his life in battle—and the bargain was kept on both sides. Over a decade



Charleston's Busiest Corner, 1850

From an old Engraving

later Clendennin returned and with a half-company of Greenbrier Rangers built his bullet-proof cabin and stockade.

It was a year or two afterwards that the fort was besieged by Indians and "Mad Anne" Bailey made her famous ride to Lewisburg for ammunition. She was the first eager volunteer for this enterprise and under cover of night she stole out of the fort on her black pony Liverpool and through the Indian lines. Riding by night and sleeping by day, she accomplished her thrilling exploit in safety, and brought, as they say in the thrillers of Western adventure, "the powder that saved the fort." But this scout riding was Anne's business and pleasure. Many times afterwards she carried messages between Covington and Point Pleasant, always toting a rifle, a tomahawk and a knife. She wore, as she grew older, the dress of a man. She used the worst language she could lay her tongue to. She loved her bottle, as might be

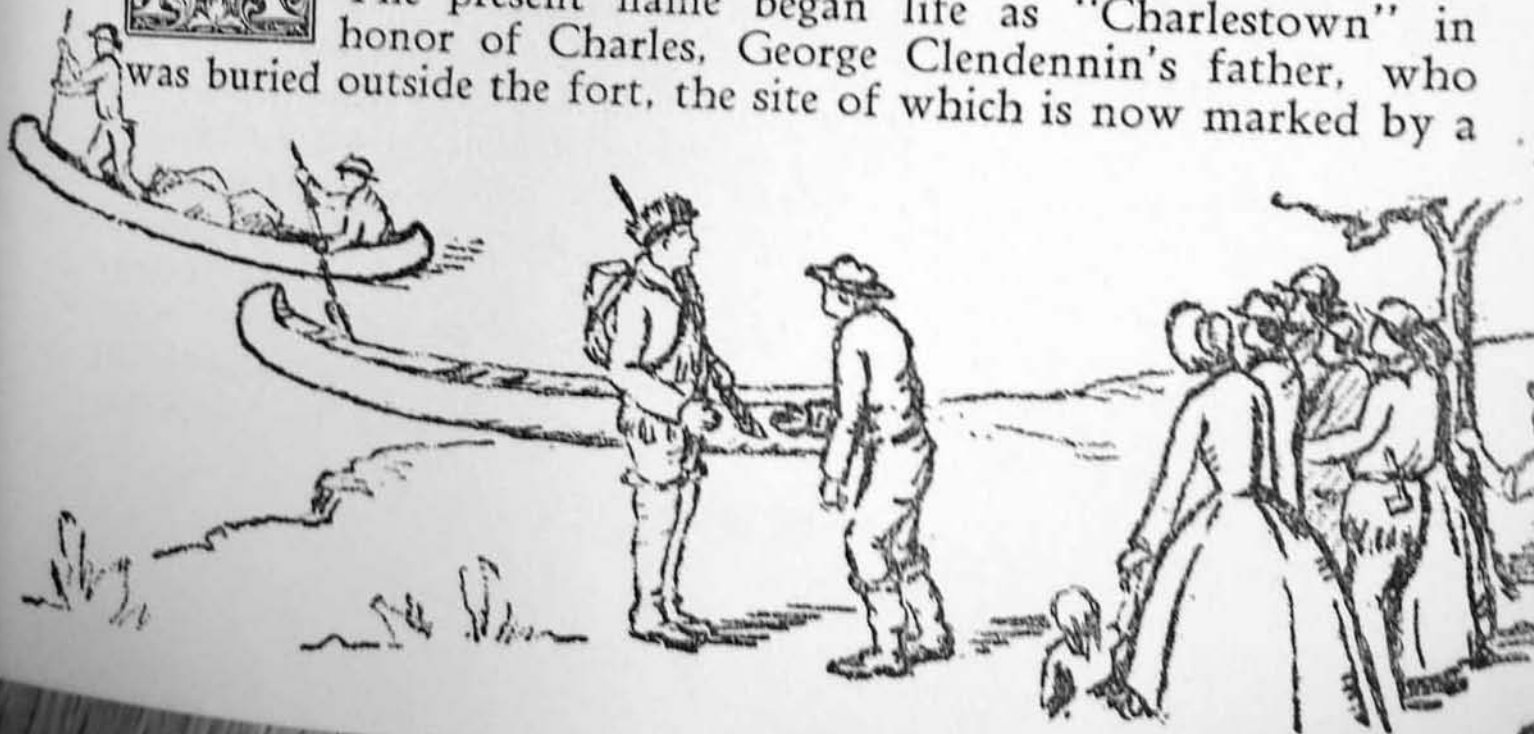
horseback to Charleston. These men
about Anne, but she rendered more valuable service to the build-
ing of the frontier than half a dozen ordinary men of her time.

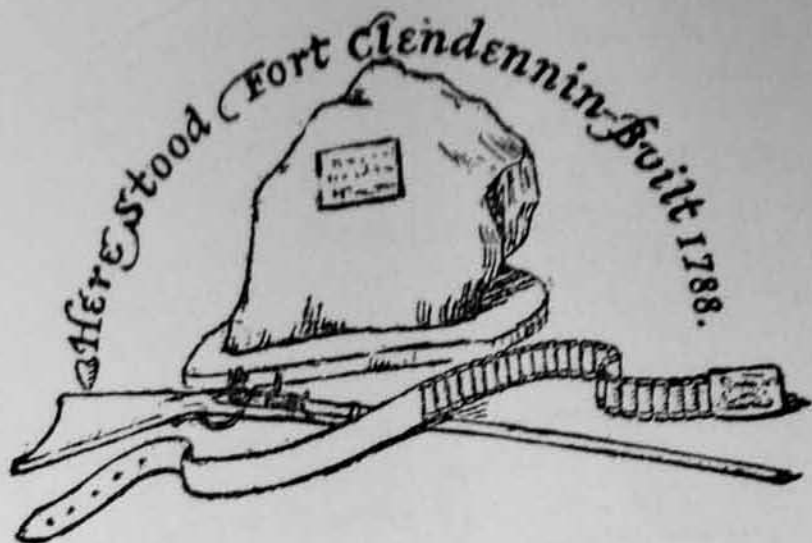
Daniel Boone was already famous when he came to Charleston. He had put many careers behind him—trader, store-keeper, army scout and backwoods realtor (he had laid out Boonesboro, Kentucky). He loved most of all to range alone through the deep woods, but at Charleston he submitted several times to the rewards of eminence. He was a commissary, a Lieutenant-Colonel of Militia and he even went as a representative to the Virginia House of Delegates, probably because it was such a nice long walk to Richmond. The efforts of the other delegate to induce him to ride in a coach were in vain. This "tall, spare, sinewy man, with eyes like an eagle's and muscles that never tired," preferred Shanks' mare.

In 1799, when tales of the open spaces of Missouri came to his ears, he decided once more that settlements were not for him. He embarked in a canoe with his companion, "Tice" Van Bibber, at the mouth of Elk (up which his former pal, Simon Kenton, had had a hunter's cabin years before) and the whole countryside came to bid him farewell. It was an affecting occasion. He was going on to greater things and he left behind him many fond memories, some survey marks on trees that were pointed out for a century afterwards, a beaver trap, some writings and other priceless relics now in the State Museum in Charleston, which, by the way, is a storehouse rich in historical curiosities.



AT THE TIME of Boone's departure, Charleston was called the Town at the Mouth of Elk. Before that it had been known as Fort Clendennin, then Fort Lee. The present name began life as "Charlestown" in honor of Charles, George Clendennin's father, who was buried outside the fort, the site of which is now marked by a





boulder on Kanawha street. There was a smaller fort on the riverbank about a mile above. Back of it, in 1815, Daniel Ruffner built Holley Grove Mansion, a popular tavern in its day and still standing back of its ancient boxwood and holley trees, a splendid Virginia-Colonial mansion.

Charleston made its début as a steamboat landing as early as 1823. It was a gala day when the proud ship "Eliza" arrived. Perhaps she was too proud. At any rate she had her fall down river soon after and never returned. After her the "Fairy Queen," the "Paul Pry," the "Hope" and the "Salem" began in earnest the picturesque steam packet days on "Old Greasy," as the petroleum-coated Kanawha was then called. Curiously enough, the side-paddlers chugged away for many a long year before they finally downed the virile old Turnpike.

Before Charleston finally became the permanent capital of the State the river boats played prominent parts in a political comedy called "A Capital Afloat." Three times between 1870 and 1885 the State archives and the legislators were piled onto packets and pushed up or down the river between Wheeling and Charleston. Since 1885 the capital has stayed "put" at the latter city and the steamboats have confined themselves to pushing coal barges. Prior to the Civil War Charleston was a town of three streets, all of them muddy. But it had a lively Southern society and more than its share of young bloods, most of whom formed the crack Kanawha Riflemen who were hard at drilling for some time before the war. A pleasant little park on upper Kanawha street has been set apart in commemoration of this gallant company.

With its magnificent elms, tufted with mistletoe, its holly trees and boxwood, Charleston still, in the midst of modern industry, retains an atmosphere of the traditional southern town it used to be before Fort Scammon's ramparts (marvelously preserved) frowned down from the hills across the river.

The stages left the route of the Buffalo Trail at Charleston and ferried across the river. A few miles brought them to a large mound, one of the impressive monuments of America's Lost Tribes.



Beside the Coal an Old Inn Stands

AT ST. ALBANS the traveller is again on hallowed ground, for the acreage above Coal River once belonged to George Washington. It was along this river that the first discovery of coal was made in West Virginia, by Peter Salling in 1742, and it was this river that gave the town its first name, Coalsmouth. Like Charleston, this settlement began with a stockade—Fort Tackett, in 1788. Afterwards the place had its share in the salt boom, for it furnished many of the salt barges. But St. Albans did not come into its own until it put the barges to work carrying the precious product of its own river.

On the west bank of the Coal there is a house still standing that was an early tavern, built by one of the first merchants of the place, James Teays.



WESTWARD from St. Albans the mountains suddenly dwindle to foothills. From here on the stages rolled at a great clip over the Turnpike, which wound in and out among the little hills of Teays's Valley at an almost level grade. This was the last stage of the journey to the Ohio. For those who had disembarked from the steamboats at Guyandotte, it was the first leg of the trip east. The tavern at Hurricane Bridge was the halfway house between Charleston and Guyandotte, and around it was fought a brisk skirmish of the Civil War.

At Barboursville the main pike bore off to the left toward the Kentucky line and the branch road from Guyandotte came in. Old Guyandotte, like the Kanawha Salines, was once a city of wonderful promise by virtue of its position as a port of call for the Ohio River steamboats. It had still another characteristic in common with the salt works—its citizens had the rough frontier animosity to courts of law. When Judge Coulter came from the East to hold the first court, he and his bar of justice were shooed off the premises and no apologies asked.

Three miles down the river from Guyandotte was a little settlement first known as Holderby's Landing, then South Landing, then Brownsville. It offered rather feeble competition to the river trade of Guyandotte. But when Collis P. Huntington came in with his railroad, chose Brownsville for his station and gave it his name, it began the change from an insignificant river town into a modern city. The Midland Trail runs from Huntington into Kentucky on its way to the Pacific.

Up-river from Guyandotte is the end of the old Lewis Trail, Point Pleasant, called also by an Indian name, Tu-Endie-Wei, or "Land Between the Waters." The place is thronged with memories—of George Washington, who lingered and admired, and as usual, took up lands; of General Andrew Lewis and his frontiersmen who fought so desperately; of "Mad Anne" Bailey and Colonel Charles Lewis and Cornstalk, for whom, resting here in eternal sleep, this is, indeed, the end of the trail.

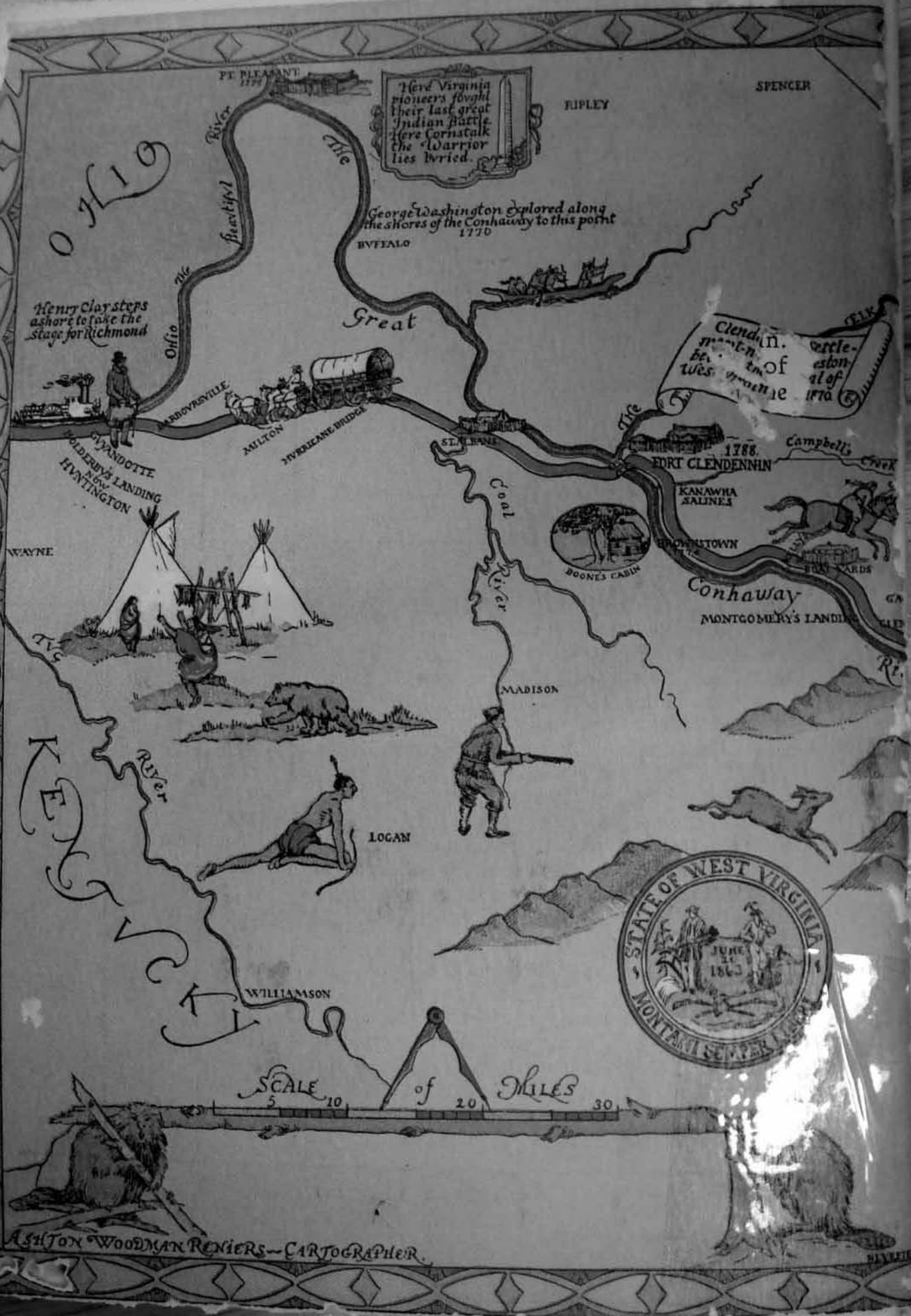


<i>Mileage</i>	Miles Between	Totals E. to W.	Totals W. to E. Read up.
Covington, Va., center	0.0	0.0	202.0
Callaghans, Village	5.6		
Crow's. (Side Trip, Old Sweet Sp'gs. 7.5 mi.) . .	12.2		
Mountain Divide. State Line	5.2		
White Sulphur Springs	4.5	27.5	174.5
Caldwell. Old Covered Bridge	6.0		
Lewisburg, center	3.5	37.0	165.0
Old Tutwiller Tavern	2.9		
Big Clear Creek	20.7		
Porter5		
Clear Creek	4.4		
Linville, center	4.5	70.0	132.0
Lee's Tree, at school house, above road	3.1		
Tourist Camp	7.0		
Old Stone Tavern. Foot of Sewell Mt.8		
Lookout	7.7	88.6	113.4
Spy Rock & Site of old Alderson Tavern9		
Ansted, Tyree Half Way House	10.5	100.0	102.0
Lovers' Leap	2.0		
Hawks' Nest5		
Gauley Bridge, town	7.5	110.0	92.0
Glen Ferris, Stockton Tavern	1.5	111.5	90.5
Kanawha Falls Ferry (for points South)5	112.0	90.0
Camp Rock, on old road grade, above3		
Site of Huddleston Tavern	2.6		
Cannelton & Montgomery Bridge	6.3	121.2	80.8
Hughes Creek, site of Bowman stage stand . . .	4.0		
Kelly's Creek, Cedar Grove	4.2	129.4	72.6
Belle, old Shrewsbury Houses	8.2		
Camp Piatt, opp. Ten Mile House	1.4		
Burning Spring Hollow, old spring near river .	1.4	140.4	61.6
Malden, B. T. Washington's cabin W. of depot .	2.0		
Campbell's Creek, Old Buffalo Lick at mouth .	1.4		
Holley Grove Mansion, Charleston	3.6		
Charleston, center	1.6	149.0	53.0
South Charleston, Indian Mound	4.3		
St. Albans, Coal River & Teays Tavern	9.2	162.5	39.5
Tackett's Fort Site, near Kanawha River	1.0		
Hurricane (site of old stage stand E. of town) .	12.0		
Milton	7.0		
Barboursville	10.0		
Guyandotte	7.5	200.0	2.0
Huntington	2.0	202.0	0.0

See inside of front cover for road map

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Campbell's Creek, Old Buffalo Lick at mouth	1.4		
Holley Grove Mansion, Charleston	3.6		
Charleston, center	1.6	149.0	53.0
South Charleston, Indian Mound	4.3		
St. Albans, Coal River & Teays Tavern	9.2	162.5	39.5
Tackett's Fort Site, near Kanawha River	1.0		
Hurricane (site of old stage stand E. of town)	12.0		
Milton	7.0		
Barboursville	10.0		
Guyandotte	7.5	200.0	2.0
Huntington	2.0	202.0	0.0

See inside of front cover for road map



Here Virginia pioneers fought their last great Indian battle. Here Cornstalk the Warrior lies buried.

George Washington explored along the shores of the Conhaway to this point 1770

Henry Clay steps ashore to take the stage for Richmond

Clenden. monument of battle of 1870

1788. FORT CLENNIN

KANAWHA SALINES

BOONE'S CABIN

Conhaway

MONTGOMERY'S LANDING

MADISON

LOGAN

WILLIAMSON

SCALE 0 5 10 20 30 Miles



Ashton Woodman Reniers - CARTOGRAPHER